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Hill's Department Store



SHERRY'S

HISTORIC FLAG IS SEEN IN DUPLICATE

In "The Slacker," the Metro production de luxe starring the brilliant actress, Emily Stevens, to be shown at the Sherry Theater on Friday and Saturday will be seen an exact duplicate of the flag that inspired Francis Scott Key to write the national anthem "The Star Spangled Banner."

This was the flag that floated over Fort Mifflin at Baltimore, when the British fleet attacked the American fort. At that time the national emblem consisted of fifteen stripes and fifteen stars, and measured 49 x 36 feet. The duplicate of this flag, screened in "The Slacker," measures exactly the same as the original, which is one of the treasures of the United States government.

Under cover of a flag of truce, the young composer had gone on board a British vessel to see a friend who was a prisoner, and during the night the British attacked the fortress. The sight of Old Glory, battle-scarred, but still flying in the morning breeze, inspired him to write the immortal song.

S-T-A-R

"POINT A CROSSON" TAKEN BY BRITISH IN BAYONET CHARGE.

"Point a Crosson, strategic point in the allies' drive, taken from the Germans in fierce bayonet charge." This is what the headlines in the daily papers, flashed to the millions of interested readers all over the world, but little did they guess the fagged that lay in those few words. How a Frenchman's heart was breaking because he had not been able to strike a blow in defense of his birthplace, or how, in another corner of the world, a white-faced woman waited for news of her man, once a slacker, who had led the heroic charge of the British Tommies "over the top."

Had the Frenchman, a little designer in New York, known the part

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he had played, miles away from all danger, in the deliverance of his beloved birthplace, he would have been transformed with happiness. But the hand of destiny had played its part in this allied victory, choosing for its instrument a gown designed by this same grieving Frenchman. It is this element of surprise which makes the new Triangle release, "The Gown of Destiny," at the Star Theater today and tomorrow night, one of the most appealing and intensely interesting screen dramas of the present day. Alma Rubens is starred in this production, supported by Walt Whitman, J. Barney Sherry, Allan Sears and others.

ARCADE

BILLIE BURKE TOMORROW

In accordance with his progressive policy of presenting "the biggest and best" in the motion picture line, the Arcade Theater, announces the engagement of the second Billie Burke picture released by Paramount—"The Land of Promise."

The story has to do with the unhappy life of a girl "companion" to a wealthy old woman and her longing for the happiness that comes to other girls and seemed to have passed her by. How she went to Canada, thinking it "The Land of Promise," and found only more misery even in that fair country; how she married a rough farmer, loathing him all the while, but hoping to escape from the monotony of her life; and how she finally came to love him and appreciate his good qualities; all this and much more, is graphically shown in "The Land of Promise."

Charming Miss Burke is assisted by Thomas Meighan and others in this feature picture which will be presented at the Arcade tomorrow and Saturday.

WILBUR ESTATE FILED.

The estate of Erastus J. Wilbur, pioneer McKay sawmill man who was killed last week, was today filed here for probate. The property consists of land worth \$4800, a mill worth \$800, stock and machinery worth about \$1500 and some cash in the bank. The heirs are Elda Candlish of 174 1/2 23rd street, Portland, a daughter and Rae and Russell Wilbur, grandchildren of Duncan. Mrs. Candlish was named as administratrix with P. F. Keller, Judge Farmer and James Sheekley as appraisers.—Pendleton Tribune.

Cambolatum, for Burns, for Sores for Corns and Bunions. Try it at Silverthorn's family drug store. daily 3-19-18

"Over the Top"

By An American Soldier Who Went

ARTHUR GUY EMPY

Machine Gunner Serving in France

(Copyright, 1917, by Arthur Guy Empey)

SYNOPSIS.

CHAPTER I.—Fired by the news of the sinking of the Lusitania by a German submarine, Arthur Guy Empey, an American, leaves his office in Jersey City and goes to England where he enlists in the British army.

CHAPTER II.—After a period of training, Empey volunteers for immediate service and soon finds himself in rest billets "somewhere in France," where he first makes the acquaintance of the ever-present "cooties."

CHAPTER III.—Empey attends his first church services at the front while a German Fokker circles over the congregation.

CHAPTER IV.—Empey's command goes into the front-line trenches and is under fire for the first time.

CHAPTER V.

Mud, Rats and Shells.

I must have slept for two or three hours, not the refreshing kind that results from clean sheets and soft pillows, but the sleep that comes from cold, wet and sheer exhaustion.

Suddenly, the earth seemed to shake and a thunderclap burst in my ears. I opened my eyes—I was splashed all over with sticky mud, and men were picking themselves up from the bottom of the trench. The parapet on my left had toppled into the trench, completely blocking it with a wall of tumbled earth. The man on my left lay still. I rubbed the mud from my face, and an awful sight met my gaze—his head was smashed to a pulp, and his steel helmet was full of brains and blood. A German "Minnie" (trench mortar) had exploded in the next traverse. Men were digging into the soft mass of mud in a frenzy of haste. Stretcher-bearers came up the trench on the double. After a few minutes of digging, three still, muddied forms on stretchers were carried down the communication trench to the rear. Soon they would be resting "somewhere in France," with a little wooden cross over their heads. They had done their bit for king and country, but died without firing a shot, but their services were appreciated, nevertheless.

Later, on, I found out their names. They belonged to our draft. I was dazed and motionless. Suddenly a shovel was pushed into my hands, and a rough but kindly voice said:

"Here, my lad, lend a hand clearing the trench, but keep your head down, and look out for snipers. One of the Fritz's is a daisy, and he'll get you if you're not careful."

Lying on my belly on the bottom of the trench, I filled sandbags with the sticky mud, they were dragged to my rear by the other men, and the work of re-bulldozing the parapet was on. The harder I worked, the better I felt. Although the weather was cold, I was soaked with sweat. Occasionally a bullet would crack overhead, and a machine gun would kick up the mud on the bushes in parapet. At each crack I would duck and shield my face with my arm. One of the older men noticed this action of mine, and whispered:

"Don't duck at the crack of a bullet, Yank; the danger has passed—you never hear the one that wings you. Always remember that if you are going to get it, you'll get it, so never worry."

This made a great impression on me at the time, and from then on, I adopted his motto, "If you're going to get it, you'll get it."

It helped me wonderfully. I used it so often afterwards that some of my mates dubbed me, "If you're going to get it, you'll get it."

After an hour's hard work, all my nervousness left me, and I was laughing and joking with the rest.

At one o'clock, dinner came up in the form of a dixie of hot stew. I looked for my canteen. It had fallen off the fire step, and was half buried in the mud. The man on my left noticed this, and told the corporal, dishing out the rations, to put my share in his mess tin. Then he whis-

pered to me, "Always take care of your mess tin, mate."

I had learned another maxim of the trenches.

That stew tasted fine. I was as hungry as a bear. We had "seconds," or another helping, because three of the men had "gone West," killed by the explosion of the German trench mortar, and we ate their share, but still I was hungry, so I filled in with bully beef and biscuits. Then I drained my water bottle. Later on I learned another maxim of the front line, "Go sparingly with your water." The bully beef made me thirsty, and by tea time I was dying for a drink, but my pride would not allow me to ask my mates for water. I was fast learning the ethics of the trenches.

That night I was put on guard with an older man. We stood on the fire step with our hands over the top, peering out into No Man's Land. It was nervous work for me, but the other fellow seemed to take it as part of the night's routine.

Then something shot past my face. My heart stopped beating, and I ducked my head below the parapet. A soft chuckle from my mate brought me to my senses, and I feebly asked, "For heaven's sake, what was that?"

He answered, "Only a rat taking a promenade along the sandbags." I felt very sheepish.

About every twenty minutes the sentry in the next traverse would fire a star shell from his flare pistol. The "plot" would give me a start of fright. I never got used to this noise during my service in the trenches.

I would watch the arc described by the star shell, and then stare into No Man's Land waiting for it to burst. In its lurid light the barbed wire and snipers would be silhouetted against its light like a latticed window. Then darkness.

Once, out in front of our wire, I heard a noise and saw dark forms moving. My rifle was lying across the sandbagged parapet. I reached for it, and was taking aim to fire, when my mate grasped my arm, and whispered, "Don't fire." He challenged in a low voice. The reply came back instantly from the dark forms:

"Shut your blinkin' mouth, you bloomin' idiot; do you want us to click it from the Boches?"

Later we learned that the word, "No challenging or firing, wiring party out in front," had been given to the sentry on our right, but he had failed to pass it down the trench. An officer had overheard our challenge and the reply, and immediately put the offending sentry under arrest. The sentry clicked twenty-one days on the wheel, that is, he received twenty-one days' field punishment No. 1, or "crucifixion," as Tommy terms it.

This consists of being spread-eagled on the wheel of a limber two hours a day for twenty-one days, regardless of the weather. During this period, your rations consist of bully beef, biscuits and water.

A few months later I met this sentry and he confided to me that since being "crucified," he had never failed to pass the word down the trench when so ordered. In view of the offense, the above punishment was very light. In that failing to pass the word down a trench may mean the loss of many lives, and the spoiling of some important enterprise in No Man's Land.

CHAPTER VI.

"Back of the Line."

Our tour in the front-line trench lasted four days, and then we were relieved by the — brigade.

Going down the communication trench we were in a merry mood, although we were cold and wet, and every bone in our bodies ached. It makes a lot of difference whether you are "going in" or "going out."

At the end of the communication trench, limbers were waiting on the road for us. I thought we were going to ride back to rest billets, but soon found out that the only time an infantryman rides is when he is wounded and is bound for the base or Bilgity. These limbers carried our reserve ammunition and rations. Our march to rest billets was thoroughly enjoyed by me. It seemed as if I were on furlough, and was leaving behind everything that was disagreeable and horrible. Every recruit feels this way after being relieved from the trenches.

We marched eight miles and then halted in front of a French estaminet. The captain gave the order to turn out on each side of the road and wait his return. Pretty soon he came back and told B company to occupy billets 117, 118 and 119. Billet 117 was an old stable which had previously been occupied by cows. About four feet in front of the entrance was a huge manure pile, and the odor from it was anything but pleasant. Using my flashlight I stumbled through the door. Just before entering I observed a white sign reading: "Sitting 50, lying 20," but, at the time, its significance did not strike me. Next morning I asked the sergeant major what it meant. He nonchalantly answered:

"That's some of the work of the R. A. M. C. (Royal Army Medical Corps). It simply means that in case of an attack, this billet will accommodate fifty wounded who are able to sit up and take notice, or twenty stretcher cases."

It was not long after this that I was one of the "33 lying."

I soon hit the hay and was fast asleep, even my friends the "cooties" failed to disturb me.

The next morning at about six o'clock I was awakened by the lance corporal of our section, informing me that I had been detailed as mess orderly, and to report to the cook and give him a hand. I helped him make the fire, scurry water from an old well, and try the bacon. Lids of dixies are used to cook the bacon in. After breakfast was cooked, I carried a dixie of hot tea and the lid full of bacon to our section, and told the corporal that breakfast was ready. He looked at me in contempt, and then shouted, "Break-

fast up, some and get it!" I immediately got wise to the trench parlance, and never again informed that "Breakfast was served."

It didn't take long for the Tommies to answer this call. Half dressed, they lined up with their canteens and I dished out the tea. Each Tommy carried in his hand a thick slice of bread which had been issued with the rations the night before. Then I had the pleasure of seeing them dig into the bacon with their dirty fingers. The allowance was one slice per man. The late ones received very small slices. As each Tommy got his share he immediately disappeared into the billet. Pretty soon about fifteen of them made a rush to the cookhouse, each carrying a huge slice of bread. These slices they dipped into the bacon grease which was stewing over the fire. The last man invariably lost out. I was the last man.

After breakfast our section carried their equipment into a field adjoining the billet and got busy removing the trench mud therefrom, because at 8:45 a. m. they had to fall in for inspection and parade, and wore beetle the man who was mshaven, or had mud on his uniform. Cleanliness is next to godliness in the British army, and Old Pepper must have been personally acquainted with St. Peter.

Our drill consisted of close-order formation, which lasted until noon. During this time we had two ten-minute breaks for rest, and no sooner the word, "Fall out for ten minutes," was given than each Tommy got out a fag and lit it.

Fags are issued every Sunday morning, and you generally get between twenty and forty. The brand generally issued is the "Woodbine." Sometimes we are lucky and get "Goldflakes," "Players" or "Red Hussars." Occasionally an issue of "Life Rays" comes along. Then the older Tommies immediately get busy on the recruits and trade these for "Woodbines" or "Goldflakes." A recruit only has to be stuck once in this manner, and then he ceases to be a recruit. There is a reason. Tommy is a great cigarette smoker. He smokes under all conditions, except when unconscious or when he is reconnoitering in No Man's Land at night. Then, for obvious reasons, he does not care to have a lighted cigarette in his mouth.

Stretcher bearers carry fags for wounded Tommies. When a stretcher bearer arrives alongside of a Tommy who has been hit the following conversation usually takes place: Stretcher bearer—"Want a fag? Where are you hit?" Tommy looks up and answers, "Yes, in the leg."

After dismissal from parade, we returned to our billets and I had to get busy immediately with the dinner issue. Dinner consisted of stew made from fresh beef, a couple of spuds, bully beef, Maccoschie rations and water—plenty of water. There is great competition among the men to spear with their forks the two lonely potatoes.

After dinner I tried to wash out the dixie with cold water and a rag, and learned another maxim of the trenches—"It can't be done." I slyly watched one of the older men from another section, and was horrified to see him throw into his dixie four or five double handfuls of mud. Then he poured in some water, and with his hands scoured the dixie inside and out. I thought he was taking an awful risk. Supposing the cook should have seen him! After half an hour of unsuccessful efforts I returned my dixie to the cook shack, being careful to put on the cover, and returned to the billet.



Resting Back of the Lines.

Pretty soon the cook poked his head in the door and shouted: "Hey, Yank, come out here and clean your dixie!" I protested that I had washed a half-hour on it already, and had used up my only remaining shirt in the attempt. With a look of disdain he exclaimed: "Blow me, your shirt! Why in — didn't you use mud?"

Without a word in reply I got busy with the mud, and soon my dixie was bright and shining.

Most of the afternoon was spent by the men writing letters home. I used my spare time to chop wood for the cook and go with the quartermaster to draw coal. I got back just in time to issue our third meal, which consisted of hot tea. I rinsed out my dixie and returned it to the cookhouse, and went back to the billet with an exhilarated feeling that my day's labor was done. I had fallen asleep on the straw when once again the cook appeared in the door of the billet with: "Blime me, you Yanks are lazy. Who in — gosh!—to draw the water for the mornin' tea? Do you think I'm a gosh! to? Well, I'm not," and he left. I filled the dixie with water from an old squeaking well, and once again lay down in the straw.

(To Be Continued.)

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